

The Mirror

OF

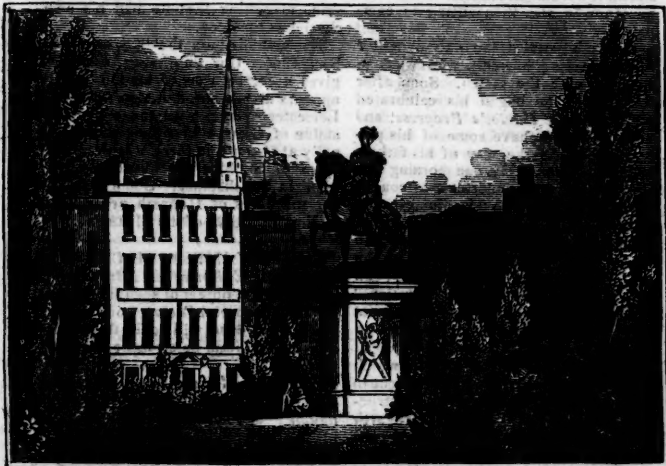
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XL.]

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1823.

[PRICE 2d.]

Hogarth's House, in Leicester Square.



THE birth-places and residences of men of genius are consecrated in the memory of their admirers; and no apology, we are sure, can be necessary for introducing an elegantly engraved view of the residence of that master-genius of art—William Hogarth. The house, which is situated on the east side of Leicester-square, is now pretty well known as Sabloniere's Hotel; and such as were ignorant that here Hogarth lived, and gave life and character to his pencil, may now visit the tavern with a greater zest, and drink a bumper to the memory of our great artist.

William Hogarth was born in Shipcourt, the Old Bailey, in the parish of St. Martin, Ludgate, in the year 1697 or 1698. He was bound apprentice to a mean engraver of arms on plate, but did not remain long in this occupation before an accidental circumstance discovered the impulse of his genius, and that it was directed to painting. One Sunday, he set out with two or three of his companions on an excursion to Highgate. The weather being hot, they went into a public-house,

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where they had not been long, before a quarrel arose between two persons in the room, one of whom struck the other on the head with a quart pot, and cut him very much. Hogarth drew out his pencil, and produced an extremely ludicrous picture of the scene. What rendered this piece the more pleasing was, that it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with the portrait of his antagonist, and the figures in caricature of the persons gathered round him.

The first painting he executed was one of the Wanstead Assembly; and for some time he carried on the business of painter and engraver: some of the paintings in Vauxhall are by him, and his published works are too well known to need description; we shall therefore close our notice with one or two anecdotes.

Hogarth being one day distressed to raise so trifling a sum as twenty shillings, in order to be revenged on his landlady, who strove to compel him to payment, he drew her as ugly as possible, and in that single portrait gave marks of the dawn of superior genius. It was Hogarth's custom to sketch out.

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on the spot any remarkable face which particularly struck him, and of which he wished to preserve the remembrance. A gentleman being once with the artist at the Bedford Coffee-house, observed him to draw something with a pencil on his nail. Inquiring what had been his employment, he was shown the whimsical countenance of a person who was then sitting in company.

Hogarth married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, who was dissatisfied with the match. Soon after this period, he began his celebrated picture of the *Harlot's Progress*, and was advised to have some of his pictures placed in the way of his father-in-law. Accordingly, one morning early Mrs. Hogarth undertook to convey several of them into his dining-room. When Sir James rose, he inquired from whence they came; and being told, he said, "Very well! the man who can produce representations like these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." He soon after, however, became not only reconciled, but even generous to the young couple.

The "*Harlot's Progress*," in which the pencil was rendered subservient to the purposes of morality and instruction, rendered the genius of Hogarth conspicuously known. Above twelve hundred names were entered in his subscription book. It was made into a pantomime, and represented on the stage. Fans were likewise engraved, containing miniature representations of all the six plates.

The celebrated Henry Fielding had often promised to sit to his friend Hogarth; unluckily, however, no picture was drawn. After his death, Mr. Hogarth laboured to try if he could produce a likeness of his friend from images existing of his own family; and just as he was despairing of success, for want of some rule to go by, in the dimensions and outlines of the face, fortune threw the grand desideratum in his way: A lady, with a pair of scissors, had cut a profile, which gave the distances and proportions of his face sufficiently to restore his lost ideas of him. Glad of an opportunity of paying his last tribute to the memory of an author whom he admired, Hogarth caught at the outline with rapture, and finished an excellent drawing, which is the only portrait of Fielding extant, and which recalls to the memory of all who have seen him, a corresponding image of the man.

It has been said, that this portrait

was painted from a representation of Fielding's features, by Garrick; but the English Roscius had no other share in the business, than that of urging Hogarth to attempt the likeness.

Hogarth was a very absent man. When he set up his carriage, having occasion to visit the Lord Mayor, on coming out he walked home wet to the skin, forgetting that he had his own chariot at the door.

Hogarth died on the 25th of October, 1764. Our engraving not only gives a correct view of his house as it appears at present, but also a view of Leicester-square, with the equestrian statue of George I., which was originally at Canons, in Hertfordshire. The spire of St. Martin's Church is also seen in the distance. Some interesting anecdotes of Hogarth are related in Nos. 12 and 28 of the *Mirror*.

THE NEW IMPERIAL CROWN.

To the Editor of the *Mirror*.

SIR—In an object of such interest as the New Imperial Crown, your correspondent Prihtaso, will not be displeased at his description being made perfectly accurate.

The fillet of large and pure pearls, closely set round its lower rim, is *double*; and between each row is placed the magnificent and various band of jewels. The crosses immediately above are not of the Maltese order, but what Heralds stile the *cross pattee*. They are covered, or rather frosted with the richest brilliants. Your correspondent truly calls the sapphire under the front cross "unique." One so large, or of so beautiful azure (not "dead" however) is not known. The ruby under the back cross, which is as large as the sapphire, appears in its natural state, and has received no polish from art. Its colour resembles a Morella cherry, dark red and semi-transparent. This beautiful gem was brought by Edward the Black Prince, from Spain, where he fought and conquered for Pedro of Castile.

The arches of this crown are restored to the imperial form, rising at their junction, instead of spreading out and bending downward, as was the less graceful shape of our old crown, whereby its large sea diamond (still remaining in the jewel-room) was almost hidden. I regret that the diamond flowers between them still continue the shape of the *fleur-de-lis*; that symbol of Gallic sovereignty should have been laid aside with our assumption of its antiquated claim.

The orb, or mound, whereon rests the cross pattee surmounting the crown, is hollow; composed of several close-set bars or hoops of gold, which are entirely covered with the finest brilliants.

It is but justice to add, that the revolving machinery, by which every part of this matchless crown (enclosed within a glass globe) is displayed to the visitors of the jewel room, was designed and executed by Mr. March, the resident officer of the Board of Works in the Tower. The effect of six powerful Argand lamps, pouring their rays upon the crown, and throwing upon its jewels every hue of the prism, is almost too powerful for the eye.

Four other crowns, with the orbs and swords, the seven sceptres, and the sacramental and banquetting plate, and the large golden salt-cellar revolving in the same brilliant manner, are also displayed in the jewel-room of the Tower.

Tam, sir, your obedient servant,

✂ We feel happy in thus being able to correct the errors into which we have been led by our correspondent Prihtaso, particularly as the above description of the New Imperial Crown, is from an authentic source.—Ed.

THE MONTH OF JULY.

(For the Mirror.)

During this month the sun enters the sign Leo. "The word is derived from the Latin, *Julius*, the surname of C. Cæsar, the Dictator, who was born in it." Mark Anthony first gave this month the name July, which was before called Quintilis, as being the fifth month of the year, in the old Roman calendar established by Romulus, which began in the month of March. On the third day of this month the dog-days are commonly supposed to begin, and to end on the eleventh day of August. Some ancient authors tell us, that on the day the Canicula, or Dog-star, first rises in the morning, the sea boils, wine turns sour, dogs begin to grow mad, the bile increases and irritates, and all animals grow languid; and the diseases ordinarily occasioned in men by it, are burning fevers, dysenteries, and frenzies. The Romans sacrificed a brown dog every year to Canicula at its rising, to appease its rage. They supposed Canicula to be the occasion of the sultry weather, usually felt in the dog-days. *Canicular Year* denotes the Egyptian natural

year, which was computed from one heliacal rising of Canicula to the next. The Abbé Le Pluche observes, that as Sirius, or the Dog-star, rose at the time of the commencement of the flood of the Nile, its rising was watched by the astronomers, and notice given of the approach of inundation by hanging the figure of Anubis, which was that of a man with a dog's head, upon all their temples.—See *Histoire de Ciel*. Volney says, that the time of the rising of the Nile commences about the 19th of July; and that Abyssinia and the adjacent parts of Africa are deluged with rain in May, June, and July, and produce a mass of water which is three months in draining off; and Darwin has beautifully described this period thus:

"Sailing in air, when dark Monsoon enshrouds"

His tropic mountains in a night of clouds;

Or drawn by whirlwinds from the Line returns,

And showers o'er Afric all his thousand urns;

High o'er his head the beams of Sirius glow,

And, Dog of Nile, Anubis barks below.

Nymphs! you from cliff to cliff attendant guide

In headlong cataracts the impetuous tide;

Or lead o'er wastes of Abyssian sands The bright expanse to Egypt's showerless lands.

Her long canals the sacred waters fill, And edge with silver every peopled hill;

Gigantic sphinx in circling waves admire,

And Memnon bending o'er his broken lyre;

O'er furrow'd glebes and green savannahs sweep,

And towns and temples laugh amid the deep."

(See Botanic Garden, Canto 3d, line 129.)

In England, in this month, Dr. Alkin says, "the flowers of the former month quickly mature their seeds, shrivel, and fall; at the same time their leaves and stalks lose their verdure, and the whole plant hastens to decay."

A new generation advances to supply their place, of plants which require the full influence of our summer suns to bring them to perfection, and which nourish most luxuriantly in situations and seasons when the warmth is most abundant. The animal creation seems oppressed with languor during this hot

season.

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season, and either seek the recesses of woods, or resort to pools and streams to cool their bodies and quench their thirst." And Thomson says,

"On the grassy bank

Some ruminating lie; while others stand

Half in the flood, and often bending sip

The circling surface. In the middle droops

The strong, laborious ox, of honest front,

Which in compos'd he shakes; and from his sides

The troubling insects lashes with his tail,

Returning still."

And Butler says in *Hudibras*,

"The learned write, an insect breeze, Is but a mungrel prince of bees

That falls before a storm on crows,

And stings the founders of his house;

From whose corrupted flesh that breed Of vermin did at first proceed."

For in this month "breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects, which some are of opinion are generated from viscous exhalations in the air; but the author of *Hudibras* makes them proceed from a cow's dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original." This month is certainly very prolific in insects; but as Thomson says,

"Your insect tribes

Are but the beings of a summer's day."

P. T. W.

ON CHIMNIES AND CHIMNEY SWEEPERS.

The word chimney comes from the French *cheminée*, which is derived from the Latin *caminus*, a chimney or stove. It is doubtful whether or not the ancients were acquainted with the use of chimnies, although Homer represents Ulysses in the Grotto of Calypso, as wishing that he might see the smoke ascending from Ithaca; but smoke might have been seen in its ascent, though it proceeded from doors or windows. Herodotus relates, that a king of Libya, when one of his servants asked for his wages, offered him in jest the sun, which at that time shone into the house, through the chimney, as some have translated the original; but what is here called chimney, was merely an opening in the roof, under which, probably, the fire was made in the middle of the edifice. Aristophanes, in his comedy of the *Vespæ*, introduces old Philocleon

shut up in a chamber, whence he endeavours to make his escape by the chimney; which, however, was a mere hole in the roof, as Reiske has determined; and this appears probable, because mention is made of a top or covering, with which the hole was closed. Several passages have been cited, which seem to refer to chimnies; but these are, evidently inconclusive; and some of them intimate that there was no such passage for the smoke as a chimney. Vitruvius makes no mention of chimnies, and it is well known that the Romans were accustomed to warm their houses with stoves and braziers. Arbuthnot says, "it is thought they had no chimnies, but were warmed with coals or braziers." Applan says, "that of those persons proscribed by the triumvirate, some hid themselves in wells and cloacæ, some on the tops of houses and chimnies." It is alleged, however, otherwise, for it is said that the principal persons of Rome endeavoured to conceal themselves in the smoky apartments of the upper story under the roof, which, in general, were inhabited only by the poor people, and which has been confirmed by Juvenal. In modern days we see gamblers, when pursued by an edict from far-famed Bow Street, take to the chimnies for shelter and secrecy, and not like the Romans, who descended to the abodes of Cloacina. Against the antiquity of chimnies, it has been urged, that if there had been any in the Roman houses, Vitruvius would not have failed to describe the construction of them, but he does not say a word upon the subject. It has been said, indeed, that the word *Cuminus* means a chimney; but this term, though it was used for a chemical, or metallurgical furnace, for a smith's forge, and for a hearth, does not seem, among the Romans, to have denoted a chimney. In the houses discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii, there are no chimnies, but they appear all to have been warmed by the means of flues and subterranean furnaces. The complaints often made by the ancients respecting smoke, serve also to confirm the opinion that they had no chimnies. But nevertheless they had then smoky rooms; and Zantippæ said, we in return have our scolding wives and smoky chimnies. But smoke is sometimes alluring to an ardent lover; for who would not walk many miles to see the smoke ascend from the chimnies, knowing the object of her love and affection was at the fire from whence it proceeded, and many ladies would not

give a twopenny *Mirror* for a lover who would not wander many miles to see that smoke ascend from the chimnies, but would reject him, (as Swift says) like "*chimnies* with scorn rejecting smoke." It is not easy to determine the period when chimnies first came into use. The writers of the 14th century seem either to have been unacquainted with chimnies, or to have considered them as the newest invention of luxury. It is presumed there were no chimnies in the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, for the curfew bell of the English, and the couvrefeu of the French, seem to intimate, that the people made fires in their houses in a hole, or pit, in the centre of the floor, under an opening formed in the roof; and when the fire was burnt out, or the family went to bed at night, the hole was shut by a cover of wood. Beckman says, the oldest account that occurs of chimnies (in his researches) is in the year 1347; for an inscription at Venice records that at the above period a great many chimnies were thrown down by an earthquake. Hence he concludes that chimnies were invented in Italy. In England, we too well know what chimnies* are, and direful consequences have ensued from the fall of these *lofty* but *unclassic* protuberances;—Shakespeare says—

"The night has been unply: where we lay,

Our *Chimnies* were blown down."

The first chimney-sweepers in Germany came from Savoy, Piedmont, and the neighbouring territories, and these for a long time were the only countries where the cleansing of chimnies was followed as a trade; and we hope, that there is a period not far distant when this degraded class of beings will no longer exist. An Act of Parliament might be passed that no chimney in future should be built or constructed, but what could be cleansed with a machine. For who can look upon these poor creatures without pity, and who can hear their plaintive cries upon a cold December morn, without emotions that pierce the heart. Elizabeth Montague, the daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq. of Horton, in Kent, who was educated under the direction of the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, was for many years noticed for the benevolent peculiarity of giving an annual dinner on May-day to all the little climbing

boys, apprentices to the chimney-sweepers of the metropolis. For further particulars relating to them, see Mr. Jonas Hanway, on Chimney Sweepers, through whose exertions, those humane regulations regarding them, were determined on by parliament.—When the race of chimney-sweepers shall be no more, their memory will live in the annals of English poets; for Shakespeare says,

"Golden lads and girls, all must,
As *chimney-sweepers*, come to dust."

And likewise Gay—

"The little *chimney-sweeper* skulks
along,

And marks with sooty stains the
heedless throng." P. T. W.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY TICKET.

You will not be surprised, Mr. Editor, when I tell you that I have had very bad luck in the lottery; but you will stare when I further tell you, it is because unluckily I have got a considerable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of misfortune on a Saturday night, when, on looking over the list of prizes, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up a 2000*l*. In the pride, as well as the joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company—my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by insisting that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry, nor stay longer, than when they have nothing to pay: they never care how extravagant they are on such occasions. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In short, I reeled home as well as I could about four in the morning; when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me (as usual) for staying out so long, I told her the occasion of it; but instead of rejoicing, as I thought she would, she cried—"Pish, only two thousand pounds!" However, she was at last reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that she had chosen the ticket herself, and she was all along sure it would come up a prize, because the number was on odd one. We neither of us got a wink of sleep, though I was heartily inclined to it: for my wife kept me awake—by telling me of this, that, and t'other thing, which she wanted, and which she would now purchase, as we could afford it.

I know not how the news of my success spread so soon among my other

* In the year 1689, chimnies were taxed two shillings.

acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one she knew, or did not know, at church. The consequence was, that I had no less than seven very hearty friends came to dine with us by way of wishing us joy; and the number of these hearty friends was increased to above a dozen by supper time. It is kind of one's friends to be willing to partake of one's success; they made themselves very merry literally at my expense: and, at parting, told me they would bring some more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occasion.

When they were gone, I made shift to get a little rest, though I was often disturbed by my wife talking in her sleep. Her head, it seems, literally ran upon wheels; that is, the lottery-wheels; she frequently called out that she had got the ten thousand pounds; she muttered several wild and incoherent expressions about gowns and lace, and ear-rings, and necklaces; and I once heard her mention the word coach. In the morning when I got up, how was I surprised to find my good fortune published to all the world in the newspaper! though I could not but smile (and madam was greatly pleased) at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of an esquire, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes arising from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In consequence of the information given in the newspaper, we were no sooner sat down to breakfast, than we were complimented with a rat-a-tatoo from the drums, as if we had been just married: after these had been silenced in the usual method, another band of music saluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the same tune. I was harassed the whole day with petitions from the hospital boys that drew the ticket, the commissioners clerks that wrote down the number of the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying, "That my honour would consider them." I should be glad if you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had got a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know when they should wait upon me to wet my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One insisted on my giving a

piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieith cousin) out 'prentice; another, lately white-washed, proposed to me my setting him up in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out, in the first place, (according to the complaint of most women) that she had not got a gown to her back, or at least, not one fit for her now to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered many chasms in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and china. She is also determined to see a little pleasure, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuse her, because the number was her own choosing: and she has further persuaded me (as we have had such good luck) to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more tickets, all of her own choosing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my stating the balance, I already find I shall be a loser by my gains; and all my fear is, that one of the future tickets may come up a five or ten thousand pounds prize, by which my ruin would be completed.

CROSS-READINGS FROM NEWS-PAPERS.

Yesterday a violent thunder storm—was bound over to keep the peace for two years.

Lost, on Saturday, in Hyde Park, a young pointer—he wears his own hair, and speaks French fluently.

The principal partner in a great porter brewery—was sworn, and took his seat as member for Aylesbury.

The shooting season having commenced—after dinner the case of the sufferers were taken into consideration.

A small whale was lately picked up off the coast of Scotland—the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "found drowned."

A new bank was lately opened at ****—No money to be returned.

The Speaker's public dinners will commence next week—admittance three shillings, while the animals are feeding.

On Thursday was married, at St. George's church, Mr. ***—this is not his first offence.

A forged check was yesterday presented at the house of Messrs. ****—the question immediately put, "that this bill do now pass," was negatived.

In the present scarcity of labourers to get in the harvest—J. L. corn-cutter and tooth-drawer, offers his services.

A journeyman plumber was apprehended for robbing his master—he distinguished himself by taking the lead on this occasion.

From experiments lately made on the *livers* of animals—they are no longer sought for by the *dyers*.

Last week a poor woman was safely delivered of—one serjeant, one corporal, and thirteen rank and file.

CALVES' FOOT JELLY.

TO ———

The hungry bards of ancient days
Have sung roast beef more solid praise;

But as you love your belly,
Such gross distempered food decline,
And let your praises all, like mine,
Be given to calves' foot jelly.

What napkins, knives, and forks are spread,
And plates, and spoons, and salts, and bread,

When meat's to fill your belly:
What roasts, and boils, and stews, and fries,

When tea-spoons and a glass supplies
A feast of calves' foot jelly.

Beyond all other drink 'tis true
Distinguish'd praise to punch is due;

Yet give me leave to tell you,
The weak, the strong, the sour, the sweet,

In less obnoxious mixtures meet,
In well-made calves' foot jelly.

The Heavenly meat, or food, or liquor,
That gave the drooping Gods new vigour,

As ancient poets tell you;
Was jelly in a different form,
They called it nectar while 'twas warm,
Ambrosia when 'twas jelly.

The fates indulgent to our prayer,
Consent we shall the banquet share,
And so regale our bellies;
We mortals now like Gods may eat,
For Celia will provide a treat
Of well-made calves' foot jellies.

PETER PINDARIC;
OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

INDECISION.

"Evils as many and as great belong
To judging slowly as to judging wrong."

A Chancellor, who in every case
Judged *slow*, with sad and solemn face,
Doubts upon endless *doubts* renewed
As *fast* as each could be subdued;
Fatigued, at length, with noise and brawl,

Left for a time the wrangling Hall,
To taste the joys of calm retreat,
With *spousy* at his country seat,
Tho' tittering scandal did declare
No calm could be if *she* was there.
My Lord, one hot September morning,
Received his prudent Lady's warning
(The larder was than usual thinner),
To shoot some partridges for dinner;
Behold him now the fields o'erstride,
With Tray and Sancho by his side;
The pointers, with unwearied pace,
Did many a close and common trace,
In every line of sub-division,
With mathematical precision.

My Lord lagged on with toil and pain
For many a weary hour in vain:
At length to compensate his trouble
They found a covey in the stubble,
With wary step near and more near,
By slow degrees advanced the Peer;
And gain'd at length his proper station,
Prepared for death and desolation;
The whirring covey upward flew,
Full in the *learned* sportsman's view,
Who straight began a deep dispute,
Which of these birds 'twas best to shoot.

He paused—for doubts o'erwhelm'd his mind—

The dogs supposed their master blind.
The birds in different ways divided,
And left the Chancellor undecided.

"Friend Tray," quoth Sancho in derision,

"Behold this master of decision,
Wouldst take this man of doubts and flaws,

For an expounder of the laws,
An arbiter of quibble mooters?
Good Heaven defend his Lordship's suitors:

Justice this once doth well repay
To him the fruits of his delay,
For see the vacillating sinner
Has spoilt his sport, and lost his dinner."

DAVID JONES ; OR, WINE AND
WORSTED.

Hugh Morgan, cousin of that Hugh
Whose cousin was the Lord knows
who,

Was likewise, as the story runs,
Tenth cousin of one David Jones.
David, well stored with classic know-
ledge,

Was sent betimes to Jesus College ;
Paternal bounty left him clear
For life one hundred pounds a year ;
And Jones was deemed another Cressus
Among the Commoners of Jesus.
It boots not here to quote tradition
In proofs of David's erudition ;—
He could unfold the mystery high
Of Paulo-posts, and Verbs in *plu* ;
Scan Virgil, and, in mathematics,
Prove that straight lines were not qua-
dratics ;

All Oxford hall'd the youth's *ingressus*,
And wond'ring Welchmen cried " Cot
bless us ! "

It happen'd that his cousin Hugh
Through Oxford pass'd, to Cambria
due,

And from his erudite relation
Receiv'd a written invitation.
Hugh to the College gate repair'd,
And ask'd for Jones ;—the Porter
stared ;

" Jones ! Sir," quoth he, " discrimi-
nate,

Of Mr. Joneses there be eight."

" Aye, but, 'tis David Jones," quoth
Hugh ;

Quoth Porter, " We've six Davidstoo."

" Cot's flesh !" cries Morgan, " cease
your mockings,

My David Jones wears worsted stock-
ings ! "

Quoth Porter, " Which it is, Heaven
knows,

For all the eight wear worsted hose."

" My Cot !" says Hugh, " I'm ask'd
to dine

With cousin Jones, and quaff his wine."

" That one word ' wine ' is worth a
dozen,"

Quoth Porter, " now I know your
cousin ;

The wine has stood you, Sir, in more
stead

Than David, or the hose of worsted ;—
You'll find your friend at number nine—

We've but one Jones that quaffs his
wine."

CARGEN WATER.

Nae mair in Cargen's woody glens ;
And rocky streams I'll lonely stray
Or where, meand'ring through the
plains,

It winds amang the meadows gay :
Nae mair, slow wand'ring down its
side,

The sweet primroses I will pu' ;
Nae mair amang the hazels hide,
And bid the noisy world adieu.

Nae mair beneath the spreading trees
That shade its banks I'll roam along,
To hear, soft swelling on the breeze,
The Linnet tune its sweetest song :
Nae mair, when gloamin' hides the hill,
And thick'ning shades invade the
glen,

I'll hear its murmurs, slow and still,
Far frae the busy haunts of men.

Nae mair wi' gamesome youthfu' glee,
I'll sport yon lofty woods amang ;
Or view the distant swelling sea,
Its foaming surges sweep along.

Though distant far I lonely stray,
And heavy griefs my bosom swell,
On these fair scenes of life's young
day

Yet memory fondly loves to dwell !

ORIGIN OF " CUTTING YOU OFF
WITH A SHILLING."

For the Mirror.

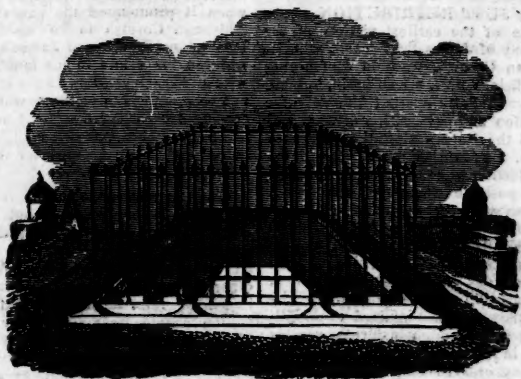
The Romans were wont to set aside testaments, as being *inofficiosa*, deficient in natural duty, if they disinherited or totally passed by (without assigning a true and sufficient reason) any of the children of the testator. But if the child had any legacy, though ever so small, it was a proof that the testator had not lost his reason nor his memory, which otherwise the law presumed. Hence, probably, says Blackstone, has arisen that groundless vulgar error, of the necessity of leaving the heir a shilling, or some other express legacy, in order to effectually disinherit him ; whereas the law of England, though the heir or next of kin be totally omitted, admits no *querela inofficiosa*, to set aside such testament.—*See Blackstone and Burn.*

P. T. W.

CURIOUS EPITAPH IN PLYMOUTH OLD
CHURCH.

Here lies the body of
Thomas Vernon,
The only surviving son
of
Admiral Vernon.

The Tomb of Marshal Ney.



Success is almost the only criterion by which the merit of political changes are decided; and the man who attempts a reformation is branded as a patriot or a traitor, according to the success or failure of his enterprise.

Marshal Ney, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of the Moskwa, was one of Bonaparte's favourite generals, whom he used to call "the bravest of the brave." On the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, Ney tendered his submission to the new monarch; and there was no reason to doubt his sincerity. Napoleon, however, landed from Elba in 1815, and his march to Paris baffled all calculation, and showed that he had few enemies in France. Ney was sent out to oppose him, but whether his troops declared against the Bourbons, or he was the first to join his old master, is not known; but it is certain that he returned with him to Paris. When that capital surrendered to the allied troops, after the battle of Waterloo, Marshal Ney considered himself safe under the convention, which guaranteed the lives of the Parisians. This was not the case. Marshal Ney was tried for high treason; and condemned to death on the 9th of November, 1815. He was shot on the *Place de Grève*, and died exclaiming, *Vive la Patrie! Vive la nation Française!*

A plain tomb was erected to the memory of Marshal Ney in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, by his disconsolate widow, with this inscription—"Marshal Ney, Duke of Elchingen, Prince

of La Moskwa, died Dec. 7, 1815." Of this tomb we present an Engraving, made on the spot by an English gentleman during a visit to Paris. The tomb was much visited, and persons of all nations inscribed their sentiments on it, some of which not being very congenial to the feelings of the Bourbons, the tomb was removed, though the grill or railing are suffered to remain, and inclose the ashes of the "bravest of the brave."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A KING REBUKED.

After James the First had published his *Book of Sports*, by which a general toleration was given to break the Lord's day, his Majesty happening one Sunday to drive through London during divine service, in contempt of one of the city's regulations, the Lord Mayor (the Right Hon. George Bolles) had the spirit and firmness to order the king's carriages to be stopped. "What!" exclaimed James, swollen with rage, "I thought there had been ne'er a king in Eng and but myself." He immediately dispatched a messenger to the Lord Mayor, with his royal commands to let the carriages pass. "While it was in my power," replied the worthy magistrate, "I did my duty; but that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey." It is said that James had the good sense to do justice to the spirit which dictated this conduct, and thanked

the Mayor for knowing the duties of his office so well.—*Percy Histories.*

JUST RETRIBUTION.

One of the earliest victims of the tyranny of James the Second, was Alderman Cornish, who, in discharging his official duties, when Sheriff, in 1680, had particularly exerted himself in the detection and prosecution of what was called the Popish plot, the reality of which, his Majesty, with a view to the introduction of popery, was now using every possible endeavour to discredit. Cornish was now accused of being concerned in the Ryehouse plot, for which Lord William Russel suffered, and on suborned testimony, to which no man gave serious credit, was found, by a packed jury, guilty of high treason.—That the vengeance inflicted on this ill-fated gentleman might inspire the greater terror in the community, the merciless Jefferies ordered that he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered, not at the usual place of execution, but at the front of his own door, at the end of King-street, Cheapside. On the 23d of October, 1685, the citizens beheld with horror and dismay this barbarous sentence literally carried into execution. James had no sooner glutted his monstrous revenge, than conscience appears to have begun her upbraidings. In the memoirs of his life, which Dr. Clarke has compiled from James's own papers, we read that "although Cornish had been a furious stickler in these times, and that no one doubted his guilt, yet when his Majesty heard that one of the witnesses against him did not so positively reach to what is criminal in the case, he was troubled that the least formality in the law should have been infringed for his security, and therefore declared he was sorry he had suffered, and (marvellous compassion!) ordered his quarters to be taken down, and given to his relations to be decently buried." *Life of James*, vol. 1, p. 45. Never, perhaps, were guilt, confusion, and shame, more apparent than in these few lines. At first, we are told "no one doubted his guilt," and next, that his Majesty had "heard that one of the witnesses (as there were but two, the failure of one destroyed the whole case,) did not so positively reach to what was criminal in the case." And so for want of this slight "*formality*," the mere want of evidence that he had done any thing "*criminal*," any thing meriting punishment at all, far less a fate so cruelly aggravated as that which befel him, is

the conscience of the tyrant "*troubled*!" A succeeding age did more justice to the real character of this transaction, when it pronounced the execution of Alderman Cornish to be among the most odious cruelties of James's reign, restored his estate to his family, (for with all his compassion, James scrupled not to beggar the children whom his cruelties had made fatherless;) and condemned the witnesses against him to be lodged in remote prisons for the remainder of their lives.

When at length the nation rose, as one man, to expel their oppressor, James became as mean and pitiful in his concessions, as he had been proud and arrogant in his usurpations. Among other steps which he took to avert the impending ruin, he directed that intimation should be made to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city, that he had resolved (out of "tender regard" merely) to restore to them, by a new charter, all the ancient franchises and privileges of which they had been deprived by the decision on the *quo warranto*. He sent at the same time for Mr. William Kyffin, a merchant of great weight and eminence in the city, who still mourned the loss of two grandsons, who had been executed for the rebellion in the west, with circumstances of peculiar cruelty; and in the hope of conciliating him, by such honors as it was yet in his power to bestow, told him, that "he had put down his name as an Alderman in the new charter." "Sir," answered Kyffin, "I am a very old man; I have withdrawn myself from all kind of business for some years past, and am incapable of doing any service in such an affair, to your Majesty or the city.—Besides, sir," continued the old man, fixing his eyes stedfastly on the king, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "the death of my grandsons gave a wound to my heart which is still bleeding, and never will close but in the grave." (*Hughes's Letters.*)—O bitter reproach! O most just retribution.—*Ibid.*

AFFECTING TALE.

The Vintner's Company have been rich in works of charity. One of its most distinguished members, Mr. Benjamin Kenton, who died in 1800, though of humble origin and of little education, amassed a sum of 100,000*l.* as a vintner, 65,000*l.* of which he bequeathed to charitable purposes, including 2,000*l.* to the general fund of the Vintner's

Company, and 2,500*l.* for rebuilding the Vintner's alms-houses at Mile-end.

The disposal of the remainder of his property is connected with an affecting domestic tale. Mr. Kenton had an only daughter, to whom he was fondly attached; she fixed her affections on a young gentleman who had been from his youth in her father's employment as clerk. The old gentleman, however, disapproved of the connexion, and the lovers preferred submission to the will of one whom they both revered, to an alliance without his sanction. "The result," as a biographical notice of one of the suffering parties states, "was of serious consequence to the father as well as his daughter, for it impaired her health, and by a gradual decline she sunk in sorrow to the grave. The conduct of Mr. Watts, (the clerk) upon that melancholy occasion, and a more intimate acquaintance with his subsequent character, so endeared him to his patron, that unavailing regret accompanied the rest of Mr. Kenton's days." Mr. Kenton died in May, 1800, and left to Mr. Watts, the whole of the residue of his property not bequeathed to charitable purposes.—*Ibid.*

BARBER SURGEONS.

For a considerable period, the affairs of the Barber surgeons went on most smoothly and prosperously. The science of surgery was cultivated with assiduity and success by one part of the fraternity, and we dare say, that of shaving suffered nothing in the hands of the other. The Barber's Hall, situated in Monkwell-street, was converted into an anatomical theatre, where lectures were delivered by the more eminent members of the company, and illustrated by the dissection of the dead bodies of criminals given to the company for that purpose, and by others "brought to them," we presume, in the usual course of a nefarious trade. On this last point, however, there is an order extant in the Minute books of the court of assistants, the perusal of which must, we think, suggest some doubts as to the "usual course" having been always adhered to. We know not what interpretation exactly to give to this singular piece of evidence; but that it indicates some practice more horridly revolting than any thing we know of in our times, is but too apparent. It is dated 13th July, 1837, and is literally in these words:—

"It is agreed, that if any bodie, who shall, at any tyme hereafter, happen to

be brought to our hall for the intent to be wrought upon by th' anatomists of our companie, shall revyve or come to life againe, as of late hath been seen. The charges about the same bodie so revyvyng, shall be borne, levied, and susteyned by such person or persons who shall happen to bring home the bodie. And furdur, shall abyde such order or fyne, as this house shall award."—*Ibid.*

PLAN FOR THE PREVENTION OF DUELS.

"A Project for the Prevention of Duels" is certainly as simple in theory, as, we have no doubt, it would be found efficacious in practice. The projector requires merely an Act, of the following nature, to be passed by the legislature, to ensure the total suppression of this honourable species of homicide throughout the kingdom, viz. "that all other methods of duelling shall be illegal and punishable by death, but that by pistols: that under the same penalty, the parties shall be obliged to fight in *spencers*, waist-coats, or coats without skirts, at their choice: that under the same penalty, they shall be compelled to stand with their backs *facing* each other: and that, under the same penalty, each shall take aim at the life of the other, by stooping himself forward, and firing between his own legs at his opponent. The projector contends, and it must be allowed with some show of truth, that the ludicrous position in which each party would view the other at the fatal moment, would inevitably lead to good humour and reconciliation. He further adds, that no man of honour, in his opinion, could think of taking another person's life behind his back, as he must do in the situation prescribed by the projector." We have no hesitation in declaring that the above humane project has our warmest approval; but we very much doubt whether it would be conformable to the gravity and sobriety of our Collective Wisdom to pass such a statute. Nevertheless, if the projector choose to persist in his design, we recommend him to lay the case before Richard Martin, Esq. M.P. who has always been celebrated for his abhorrence of the practice of Duelling, and has lately immortalized himself by his Act against "Cruelty to Animals," under which head the custom of duelling may very properly come.—*London Magazine.*

THE GALLEY.

(From the Spanish.)

Ye mariners of Spain,
Bend strongly on your oars,
And bring my love again,
For he lies among the Moors.

Ye galleys fairly built,
Like castles on the sea,
O great will be your guilt
If ye bring him not to me.

The wind is blowing strong,
The breeze will ease your oars;
O swiftly fly along,
For he lies among the Moors.

The sweet breeze of the sea
Cools every cheek but mine;
Hot is its breath to me,
As I gaze upon the brine.

Lift up, lift up your sails,
And bend upon your oars;
O lose not the fair gale,
For he lies among the Moors.

It is a narrow strait,
I see the blue hills over;
Your coming I'll await,
And thank you for my lover.

To Mary I will pray,
While ye bend upon your oars,
'Twill be a blessed day,
If ye bring him from the Moors.

*Ibid.*PORTRAITS AND SIGNS—ROAD
TO FAME.

A portrait is a memorial rather for private or family affection, than for public fame. It should never travel from its native walls, and the tutelary partialities of its own friends and relations. At home, as "a little ugly gentleman over the settee," it may give a man a sort of immortality of domestic life—keep him warm in the love and esteem of his kindred, down to the remotest limit of tradition—even to his grandchildren—and thenceforward hold him in preservation, to the end of colour and canvas, as an ancestor, at least, or a curiosity, perhaps, worth something for the cut of his coat, and the tie of his neck-cloth. Once out of doors and at large, it is no longer a portrait, but a painting; no longer you, but a fine piece of colour, or a noble design.

There is one method, now I think of it, of introducing yourself to the public as a portrait, without change of place, and consequent danger to your identity:—I allude to the agency of a sign-post. A sign is really no bad

guardian and dispenser of a name: but it is not for the vulgar, for those whom nobody knows. It cannot be made the founder of a name: a man must have done something before he can take the place of the *Saracen's Head*. As an accessory to other sources of fame, it is not beneath the consideration of any one who has an honest ambition to multiply his acquaintance. The extra-genteel may affect to think it low—and why?—what are their exquisite reasons? It may not add any material brilliancy to your rank among the best company in the higher regions—the "dress walks" of fame; but, as a means of publishing yourself to the multitude, who have no access to the prouder evidences of your greatness, where you will find a more effective *chaperon*, or more useful master of the ceremonies? How many are there at this time of day, even among the polite and well-taught, who, if they would speak the truth, derive the liveliest impressions of old Benbow and Rodney from their honest faces swinging aloft, or staring steadily from their frames, at inn-doors and ale-houses! Envy, rankling envy, must be at the bottom of their contempt, who profess to despise such distinctions. Talk about low indeed? Who will make you a sign? You give yourself airs of haughtiness and self-denial, but—"let me whisper in your lug—You're aiblins nae temptation." The only sensible objection that I can propose to signs, as depositories of our posthumous life, is the precariousness—the briefness of their reign. They do in some instances maintain a specific symbolization with wonderful constancy, through all changes of time, men, manners, and customs; but it is rather in favour of abstractions—allegories—fictions—prodigies, (what shall we call them?) than of any definite lady or gentleman. There will be no end to the *Good Woman*—no upper end worth talking of, certainly; the *Green Man* and *Still* is still green; and the *King's Head* never dies; but the *King of Prussia*, I fear, is fading fast; our first and second *Georges* look deadly dull, and dim, and pale; and the *Duke of Cumberland* (I think it must be the Duke of Cumberland) has only a speck or two of horse—a rag of coat—a scrap of hat—half a face—a bit of sword, and a leg, to stand between him and oblivion. There is an exception, and only one that occurs to me, to this law of signal death. The *Shakespeare's Head* (just the head for lasting) has not

grown a day older within the memory of man. Yes—there is another—the *Garrick's Head* (a very good head in its way) stands almost cheek by jowl with the immortal poet, and keeps itself young and fresh in the light of his countenance.—*Ibid.*

The Robelist.

No. XXXIV.

THE ROSE-WOOD TRUNK.

The lovely Helen had but just attained her eighteenth year, when the day arrived on which she was to be bound in the indissoluble tie of wedlock to the young Edward, for some time considered in the village as the most favoured among her admirers. Nature seemed to have dressed herself in her gayest attire to celebrate the union of two of her most-perfect creatures. It was not long, although (as in such matters is generally the case) it appeared so to the happy pair, ere the bridegroom led to the house of his father as blooming and bonny a bride as ever graced the holy altar. A large party of friends had been invited to witness the happy ceremony, and the day was spent in jovial merriment upon the noble lawn fronting the mansion, until twilight, when a most tremendous cloud seemed to be moving towards them which portended a heavy storm. It was therefore determined to repair within the house, and spend the rest of the evening in playing one of the games which were prevalent at the time among the higher circles, such as "Puss in the Corner," "Hunt the Slipper," "Hide and Seek," &c. The latter of these was preferred, as it gave the opportunity of extending their merriment through all the chambers. The game had proceeded some way, when the turn to hide fell upon the bride, whom Edward had caught, and therefore, according to the rules of the game, she could not refuse. All waited with attentive ears for the expected "whop," the signal that the hider is concealed. At last the wished-for sound was heard; it was uttered in rather a faint tone, auguring an excellent hiding place, and therefore a lengthening of the search, which caused much greater wariness in the company. The young Edward, with a beating heart, led the way, as if jealous of any of his companions finding his darling Helen. The search was long, and all praised the excellent fancy of her who could devise so clever an hiding-place. The

storm, which had before threatened them, now rolled on apace, and at last, fearing some accident had happened, they called the bride by name to come forth, in every part of the building. Not a corner was left unsearched both within and without the building. During this scene the agony of the bridegroom cannot be conceived. The night came on, and all the company returned to their respective homes, bewailing this dreadful misfortune. Day after day passed over their heads in this agonising suspense, till at last, giving up all hope, the unhappy Edward left the scene of his former joys, and retired to a small house at about a mile distance. This was about three years after his melancholy loss, and having occasion for some lumber which was in the old house, he had it removed from the room which had contained it for several years. Among this lumber was an old rose-wood trunk, with a clasp lock, which, containing something weighty, he wished to have it opened, but not being able to find the key, he delayed it for some time. At last a smith was sent for, who, in his presence, forced the trunk. Horrid sight! The bones of his beloved Helen were thus exposed to his view. Gracious powers! who can paint the agony he experienced at the sight? Suffice it to say, that he had her mortal remains quietly inurned, and was always observed to retain a fixed melancholy during the remainder of his life.

It is supposed that the bride, seeking for a place to hide in, discovered this rose-wood trunk open, and, getting into it, had let the cover down, ignorant of the clasp lock, thus becoming a victim to the game of "Hide and Seek."

BIBLIOPOLOPHILOS.

Miscellaneous.

GOLDSMITH

Is remarkable for the frequent mention of Islington in his writings. It appears, indeed, he was very partial to this village, where he spent much of his time, and where, at one period, he occupied apartments. It was occasionally his custom to enjoy what he called a *shoemaker's holiday*, which was a day of great festivity with the bard, and was spent in the following innocent manner:

Three or four of his intimate friends rendezvoused at his chambers to breakfast, about ten o'clock in the morning; at eleven, they proceeded by the City

Road, and through the fields, to Highbury Barn, to dinner; about six o'clock in the evening they adjourned to White Conduit House to drink tea; and concluded the evening by supping at the Grecian or Temple coffee-houses, or at the Globe in Fleet Street. There was a very good ordinary of two dishes and pastry, kept at Highbury Barn at this time (about 50 years ago), at 10*d.* per head, including a penny to the waiter; and the company generally consisted of literary characters, a few Templars, and some citizens who had left off trade. The whole expenses of this day's *fete* never exceeded a crown, and oftener from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* for which the party obtained good air and exercise, good living, the example of simple manners, and good conversation. ++

MILTON.

Mrs. Forster, grand-daughter to Milton, the immortal author of *Paradise Lost*, kept a *chandler's shop* at Lower Holloway, some years, and died at Islington May 9th, 1754, in the 66th year of her age; and by her death all Milton's family became extinct. She had lived many years in a low way, and was at last depressed with poverty and the infirmities of old age. It does not appear that any of her grandfather's admirers took any notice of her till 1750, when, on the 5th of April that year, Comus was represented at Drury Lane Theatre, with a new prologue, written by Johnson, and spoken by Garrick, for her benefit, which produced her about 130*l.* ++

THE GOLDEN NAIL.

AN ALCHEMICAL ANECDOTE.

Thurnis Serus, a man of infinite whim and madness, was the author of some works which sufficiently prove that his natural temper was not much to be relied on. The story of his golden nail is curious. Having worked away his fortune in alchemy, and finding his schemes vain, he had a mind at once to get into the service of a certain prince, and to establish a character of himself to all the world, as if possessed of the grand alchemical secret. To this purpose he declared, that he had found out a liquor which would immediately convert all metals plunged into it into gold. The prince, the nobility of the place, and all the *litterati*, were invited to see the experiment; and the chemist having prepared a large nail, the half of which was iron, and the

other half gold, well joined together, coated over the gold part with a thin crust of iron, which he joined so nicely to the rest of the iron, that no eye could discover the fallacy. Having this ready, he placed his vessel of liquor on the table, which was no other than common *aqua fortis*. Then, sending to a shop for some nails of the same kind, he, by an easy kind of legerdemain, when he had desired the company to examine them, and see that they were real nails, took out his own, and after turning it about before the company, plunged it half way into the liquor; a hissing and bubbling noise arose, and the *aqua fortis* immediately dissolved, and washed off the iron coat, and the gold appeared. The nail was handed round to the whole company, and finally delivered to the prince, in whose cabinet it now remains. The gold-maker was desired to dip more nails, and other things, but he immediately threw away the liquor, telling them they had seen enough. He was made happy for the rest of his life; but all the intreaties in the world could never get him to make any more gold.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

LESSON FOR DUELISTS.—Two friends happening to quarrel at a tavern, one of them, a man of very hasty disposition, insisted on the other's fighting him the next morning. The challenge was accepted, on condition that they should breakfast together, previous to their going to the field, at the house of the challenged. When the challenger arrived the next morning, according to appointment, he found every preparation for breakfast, and his friend, his wife, and children, all ready to receive him. Their repast being over, and the family withdrawn, without any hint of the fatal purpose having transpired, the challenger asked the other if he was ready to attend. "No, Sir," replied he, "not till we are more upon a par; that amiable woman, and those six innocent children, who just now breakfasted with us, depend solely upon my life for their subsistence; and till you can stake something equal, in my estimation, to the welfare of seven persons, dearer to me than the apple of my eye, I cannot think we are equally matched."—"We are not, indeed!" replied the other, giving him his hand,

and they became firmer friends than ever.

THE PERPETUAL COMEDY.—The world is the stage—men are the performers. Chance composes the piece—Fortune distributes the parts. The fools shift the scenery—the philosophers are the spectators. The rich occupy the boxes—the powerful have their seat in the pit, and the poor sit in the gallery. The fair sex presents the refreshments—the tyrants occupy the treasury bench, and those forsaken by lady Fortune snuff the candles. Folly makes the concert, and Time drops the curtain.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.—A facetious traveller described the difference of society in the metropolis, when compared to the provincial towns, in the following language: "In the country, if you have a leg of mutton for dinner, every body wishes to know if you have caper sauce with it; whereas, in London, you may have an elephant for lunch, and no one cares a pin about it."

DANCING.—Lord Lanesborow, of whom Pope speaks in his *Moral Epistles*, was so fond of dancing, that neither old age nor the gout could deprive him of this pleasure. He danced during the most cruel attacks of that dreadful malady; although it was observed that it sometimes put him a little out of time. At the death of the Prince of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, he solicited a particular audience of this princess, for the purpose of representing to her the advantages which her majesty would derive from dancing; as it would dissipate her melancholy, and preserve her health.

THE "OLDEN TIME."—In the year 1090, the price of an ox was 2s. 6d., equivalent to 7s. 6d. of our money. The difference in prices in the principal necessities of life, between those days and the present, is 57 to 1. The tenures by which lands were holden in those feudal times, furnish a very curious specimen of what were the various luxuries which they afforded. The sovereign, we may take it for granted, selected the most choice. The tenure of some land, held of William the Conqueror, by one Wm. Aylesbury, of Aylesbury, was to provide the King's bed-chamber, when he should come thither, with sweet herbs for litter, and two green geese, if he came in summer, and with three eels, if in win-

ter; all of which he was bound to do often in a year, if the King came so often.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.—A Frenchman being afflicted with the gout, was asked, what difference there was between that and the rheumatism. "One very great deference!" replied Monsieur. "Suppose you take one vice, you put your finger in, you turn de screw, till you bear him no longer—dat is de rheumatis—den, spose you give him one turn more, dat is de gout."

PENMANSHIP.—So many accounts have lately been given to the public of extraordinary small writing, that we doubt not but perfection will shortly be outvied in this art. We feel pleasure, however, in stating the following wonderful performance of Mr. Creese, of Ottery St. Mary, Devon, which exceeds every attempt yet recorded of any individual, and challenges the greatest efforts made to excel in this branch of art. The gentleman alluded to has written, without any abbreviation whatever, and without the assistance of glasses, in a square of 3 inches and a half, the first 77 Psalms, with 31 verses of the 78th Psalm; comprising 99,004 letters.—In the centre of the square is the space of a sixpence, which contains, in addition, the Lord's Prayer, Creed, Ten Commandments, the 93d, 100th, 117th, 130th, 134th, 135th, and 136th Psalms, name, age, place of abode, &c.: comprising 6,947 letters, making 2,317 letters more in the space of a sixpence, and 12,471 letters more in the square of three inches and a half, than ever was written by Mr. Beedell in the same space; so that the total number of letters written in the whole space amount to 105,951: within the square is a representation of David playing on the harp, distinctly visible, formed by the shades in the writing. We may add to this, that Mr. Creese offers to prove the reality of what he has performed, and which, on a slight view, appears incredible, by writing in the presence of any gentleman, or party, who should be desirous of having ocular demonstration of the fact above stated.

AGE.—The greatest affront you can offer to a woman is to tell her that she is old. Lord A—, a courtier, used to say to his lady, every new-year's day, "Well, madam, what age will your ladyship please to be this year?"

THE CHOICE FIXED.—A gentleman visited a lady who had three daughters, and was determined to marry one of them: but found some difficulty in fixing his affections. He at last determined to make up his mind one evening during supper. One was helped to a piece of cheese, which she eat without cutting off the rind, upon which he concluded she was a dirty creature, and gave up the idea of her; the second was helped, who cut off a great piece of the cheese with the rind, upon which he inferred she was a most extravagant one, and cashiered the idea of her; the third being helped, scraped the rind very clean, and eat the cheese, when he felt assured that she was cleanly and economical, and immediately made up his mind that she should be his wife.

EPITAPHS ON FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

On a stone against the East end of the outside of the parish church at Twickenham, is the following inscription:

To the memory of Mary Beach,
Who died November 5th, 1725, aged 78.

Alexander Pope,
Whom she nursed in his infancy,
And constantly attended for 33 years,
Erected this stone
In gratitude to a faithful servant.

In Trevithin church-yard, in the county of Monmouth, is the following epitaph, written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, on a faithful servant of his father's:

To the memory of
Mr. Thomas Cooke,
Agent of the Iron-works,
To John Hanbury, Esq.
Of Pontypool,

Who died Aug. 1st, 1739, aged 66 years.
With most religious truth it may be said,

Beneath this stone an honest man lies dead;

Vice he abhorred, in virtue's path he trod,

Just to his master, humble to his God;
Useful he liv'd, and void of all offence,
By nature sensible, well bred by sense.
His master's int'rest was his constant end,

(The faithful'st servant and the truest friend);

For him his heart and hand were always join'd,

And love with duty strictly was combin'd.

Together thro' this vale of life they pass'd.

And in this church together sleep at last;

For when the master's fatal hour was come,

The servant sigh'd, and follow'd to the tomb.

And when at the last day he shall appear,

Thus shall his Saviour speak and scatter fear:

Well done, thou faithful servant, good and just,

Receive thy well deserv'd reward of trust;

Come where no time can happiness destroy,

Into the fulness of thy master's joy.

On a faithful female servant, who lies in the church-yard at Croydon, in Surrey:

In memory
of

Ursula Swinbourn,

Who after fulfilling her duty

In that station of life

Which her Creator had allotted her,
And by her faithful and affectionate conduct,

In a series of 35 years,

Rendering herself respected and beloved,
And her loss sincerely regretted;

By the family she lived with,

Departed this life

The 5th of January, 1781, aged 55.

Reader!

Let not her station in life

Prevent thy regarding her example;

But remember,

According to number of talents given,
Will the increase be expected.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We confess ourselves still much in arrear with our Correspondents. They are all entitled to our thanks—many of them to particular attention, and not one of them ought to be treated with neglect. If we do so, we assure them it is not intentional, but that we are making arrangements for a prompt acknowledgment, and a more speedy decision on their several communications, than we have hitherto been enabled to give.

We shall be happy to hear again from J. W.

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